

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

The light that once illumed the plain where shepherds watched their sheep.  
In through a lowly casement stole and blessed a Child in sleep.  
It fell, a benediction sweet, from heavenly realms above,  
To crown the humble natal place of world-redeeming Love.

O! light divine that brought the day than other days more blest,  
That formed a halo where He slept upon His mother's breast;  
Though but a manger was the place, the ages join to own  
That earth has seen no brighter spot, has held no grander throne.

The shepherds with their flocks at night had seen a wondrous glow,  
And heard the angel voice that spoke, from heaven descending low.  
They trembled till the tidings came, and then, in rapture drawn,  
Their hearts received the joy sublime that blessed the glorious dawn.

The wise men, over field and plain, from other lands afar,  
Were led to far Judea through the guidance of a star.  
They came with gifts to offer Him, who, in the manger now,  
Was Heaven's Christmas gift to man, in Bethlehem long ago.

O! wondrous love that sent Him down to die for sinful men.  
Today thou art the same to us as to His people then.  
He brought the world its holy peace, He banished doubts and fears.  
And Bethlehem's light still lingers through the intervening years.

## "The Other Wise Man."

Everyone knows the story of the Wise Men of the East who laid their gifts before the manger in Bethlehem. This is the story of the Other Wise Man, who also had gifts and of how his treasure was laid at the feet of his King.—Adapted by Miss G. Warner.

In the days when Augustus Caesar was master of many kings, and Herod reigned in Jerusalem, there lived in the city of Ecetaban, among the mountains of Persia, a man named Artaban, the Median.

His splendid house was set in the midst of a fair and beautiful garden, where fountains splashed and sweet flowers made the soft September night air rich with perfume.

Artaban had a great secret to share, and he had called a council, of his learned friends, in his house. He stood by the doorway to greet his guests, dressed in a snow white robe of wool over a tunic of silk with the white-pointed cap of the Magi priesthood.

His eyes were black and brilliant and his mouth strong and firm; a man of about forty years, with a will of iron and a heart of compassion. There were nine friends, all seekers after Truth, gathered there, and after their ceremony of worship and prayer, Artaban told of his discovery. The stories and prophecies of the prophets of old were well-known to them, and the promise of a King to be born of Israel was a hope long pondered. This King should be heralded by a star, and now Artaban and three comrades had found the promised star shining faintly in the sky. They awaited the sign again.

Artaban had already sold his possessions and had made preparations for the journey. For his gift to the King he had bought three great jewels, a sapphire, blue as the night sky; a ruby, red as the dawn on the desert; and a pearl, pure as the snow on a mountain peak.

These he showed to the assembled company, and tried to persuade them to accompany him on his journey. Some tried to dissuade him from following this vain dream, others gave him their blessings. One by one they went out and Artaban was left alone. He pushed aside the curtain and went out on the terrace. There in the East shone the sign, the Star of the King. Artaban bowed his head. "It is the sign," he said, "The King is coming, and I will go to meet him."

All night long Vasda, the swiftest of Artaban's horses, had stood saddled and bridled ready to begin the journey to meet the three comrades at the edge of the desert. Before the birds had awakened, Artaban was in the saddle riding as swift as an arrow along the highroad. The journey would take ten days of riding; past fertile fields and rocky waste, rich gardens and rugged mountain passes; past orchards of lemons and peaches and groves of

olives and figs and almonds; past vineyards purple with grapes, and misty rice fields. On and on Artaban rode until by nightfall of the tenth day he had arrived beneath the ruined walls of Babylon.

Vasda was very tired and Artaban would gladly have rested, but he must arrive at the meeting place by midnight if he were to join his companions. So he pressed on across a stubble field, Vasda carefully picking her way. At the end of a dark grove of palms Vasda stopped, quivering before a dark bundle in the shadow of the last palm tree.

Artaban dismounted, and in the dim starlight saw that it was a man lying across the road. His poor garments and thin, haggard face, showed him to be probably a poor Hebrew exile. His face showed suffering from terrible marsh fever, and his cold hand fell limply on his breast.

Thinking him dead, Artaban turned away, but a long faint sigh came from the man's lips and his poor claw-like hand closed on the hem of Artaban's robe.

Artaban's heart throbbed with a slight resentment at the delay. If he stayed he would not meet his friends in time. They would go on, thinking that he had given up the journey. He could not go and let the man die. If he stayed, he would not see the King. What was the right thing for him to do?

With skilled fingers he mixed some of the healing herbs he carried always in his girdle, and poured the cooling drink between the fevered lips. He bathed the man's head and face and unbound his heavy turban. Hour after hour he worked and at last the man's strength was restored.

Artaban told him of his journey, and the Jew, full of gratitude said, "Nothing can I give thee, but this I tell thee, the King of the World will be born not in Jerusalem, but in Bethlehem of Judea. Seek Him there."

It was long past midnight and Artaban rode in haste. At sunrise Artaban, on the mountain, scanned the desert and the desolate marshes. But no living thing did he see but a vulture wheeling over the sands, no sign of the caravan. Under a little heap of broken brick he saw a gleaming bit of parchment. Eagerly he read, "We have waited past the midnight and can delay no longer. Follow us across the desert."

In despair Artaban covered his head. He could not cross the desert with a weary horse and without food. He must return to Babylon and sell his sapphire to buy food and camels. Would he lose sight of the King because he had tarried to show mercy?

For three days Artaban rode across the desert waste; burning, blinding torture by day; bitter chill by night. Steadily he travelled seeing no living thing till he reached the orchards and gardens of Damascus, then on to Bethlehem.

Three days before, Artaban's comrades had laid their gifts at the feet of the King of the World, the baby Jesus. The Other Wise Man, weary, but full of hope, entered the gates of Bethlehem, bearing his gift of ruby and pearl. The streets of Bethlehem seemed strangely deserted, and Artaban wondered where he should find the King.

In a humble cottage he heard a peasant mother crooning to her baby, and entering, Artaban enquired about his friends.

Wise Men had come from the East, bearing gifts to Mary, Joseph and their new-born child, Jesus. They had come and then had gone away in the night. Then at night, too, Joseph had fled with Mary and Jesus to a far country—perhaps Egypt. This was all the peasant woman could tell.

Filled with disappointment, Artaban determined to go to Egypt to seek the King. Suddenly there was heard screaming and wailing, and the clash of swords. Panic filled the streets. "The soldiers of Herod! They are killing our children!" It was the cry of the mothers of Bethlehem. One glance at the terrified mother guarding her baby, and Artaban strode to the doorway of the house. He stood there in his rich robes, the ruby in

his hand. The soldiers paused before this noble man.

"Pass on, there is no child here," he said to the soldier who would have entered, and gave him the ruby. The mother clasped her baby to her heart. Through her tears she blessed Artaban. He had given the second of his jewels for the King to save a child.

Among the people of Egypt, Artaban went, seeking for the King. Here and there he found traces, but they were faint and dim. In vain Artaban followed these clues, but always too late. With courage he kept on with his search for the King and came to the house of a Hebrew rabbi, in Alexandria. The old man read to Artaban the prophecies of Israel, the prophecies of Isaiah, who told of the King as a "man of sorrows." Then the rabbi told Artaban to seek for the King among the poor, the lowly and the sorrowful.

Years passed by, and Artaban steadfast in his quest, travelled through many lands. He made his dwelling in countries stricken with famine and plague; in crowded cities; in wretched prisons and slave markets. Through all the sorrow, and misery and sin, he searched for his King; but though he found no King to worship, there were many who stretched pleading hands for help—and were not turned away.

Artaban was an old man. His hair was white as winter snow, his burning black eyes were the lustrous eyes of age. Worn and weary in body, his heart still sought the King, and with his fleeting strength he travelled, slowly now, but with steadfast faith. His last gift, the great pearl, lay next to his heart, gleaming with a living luster. He had come, for the last time he knew, to Jerusalem. It was the season of the Jewish Passover, and the city streets had been thronged with strangers for many days.

A sea of people surged past Artaban, a tremor of excitement was in the air and grim foreboding in the ominous, dark sky. Joining a group of people from his own country, Artaban inquired the cause of the tumult and where the crowds were going.

"To Golgotha," they answered, "where there is to be an execution. Two famous thieves, and another, Jesus of Nazareth who has done many wonderful things, and whom the people love. But the priests say he must die because he says he is the Son of God, and the King of the Jews."

Artaban's heart was sorely troubled. For thirty-three years, he had sought this King. Was he then to be crucified, forsaken as the prophets had spoken? The old man followed slowly and painfully, with the thrilling hope that the pearl might buy the King's ransom.

He had gone but a few steps when a troop of soldiers came down the street dragging a young girl. Suddenly she broke from her captors and threw herself at his feet. She had seen his robes and knew him to be of her religion.

"Save me! Have pity on me! I am of thy faith! Save me from slavery!" Artaban trembled.

The pearl! Must he give up the King's ransom? He took it from his robe. How beautiful it was! He laid it in the maiden's hand. "Thy ransom, daughter." The last of the King's treasures.

As he spoke, the ground rocked and shook, the sky darkened and clouds of dust filled the air. People fled in terror, but Artaban and the girl crouched helplessly beneath a temple wall. Artaban was not afraid to die. He knew that he had lived his life as well as he could. He had not found his King, but not from faintness of heart.

Again the earth quivered and throbbed. A loosened tile, shaken from the roof, fell and struck Artaban's forehead. He lay breathless and pale, his snowy head resting on the maiden's shoulder, the blood trickling ruby red from the wound. She bent over him fearing that he was dead, and a soft, small voice, like afar off, spoke.

Artaban's lips moved, and in a whisper she heard him say, "Not so, my Lord: For when saw I thee hungry and fed thee? Or thirsty

and took thee in? In prison or sick came unto thee? Three and thirty years have I looked for thee; but never have I seen thy face nor ministered unto thee, O my King."

The sweet voice answered clearly and softly. "Verily, I say unto thee, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, thou hast done it unto me."

Artaban's face shone with joy and wonder; one last sigh of happiness and Artaban's journey was ended. His gifts were at the feet of his King, accepted. The Other Wise Man had found the King.

## The First Christmas in America.

It may not be generally known, but the first Christmas celebration in America took place in the West Indies and in the very year that America was discovered. There was not much festivity about it, to be sure, for the first anniversary of the Nativity in the new world found the participants in no state of merry-making or cheerful entertainment.

The great navigator, Christopher Columbus, who showed the civilized world the way across the Atlantic, was master of ceremonies, and he had little reason for rejoicing, for on Christmas eve, 1492, he had lost his flagship the Santa Maria, which had run on a reef on the north coast of Hayti. Fortunately for him and his crew, the native Indians of the island were friendly, and they not only came to his rescue, but saved all the wreckage of his vessel, which they piled up on the beach at Guarico, near the present city of Cape Haitian. The Indian cacique did all he could to allay the grief of the Spaniards, and on Christmas Day spread a banquet to which they were invited and at which many of his people acted in the capacity of servants.

This was the first Christmas dinner in America, and at this aboriginal "spread" so many new and strange articles of food were offered the Spaniards that Columbus made a note of them, so that we are enabled to state exactly what they were. In the first place there was maize, or Indian corn, which the Europeans may have seen in the Bahamas, but which they had not eaten before, in fact, the golden kernels carried back to Spain by Columbus from his first voyage to America were the first that ever reached the old world, and it was many years after that before brown bread and "Injun pudding" became at all common on the tables of European royalty.

One of the curious tubers offered the Spaniards that day by the Indian chieftain in Hayti was the manioc, or cassava, from which the aborigines made their daily bread. They were the originators also of the cassareep, or West Indian pepper pot, made by throwing pieces of meat of all kinds into an earthen vessel, where it was preserved indefinitely by the antiseptic properties of the manioc.

There was one function at that banquet which Columbus may have indulged in, though he has left no record of having been suddenly indisposed, and that is tobacco smoking. He had seen Indians on the coast of Cuba roll up dry leaves of a plant unknown to him, and after lighting one end of the roll inhale and puff out the smoke thereof with evident enjoyment. But at this banquet he was astonished to see the chief and his big men cram portions of the weed into a curious pipe, with a branched stem shaped like the letter Y, and after inserting a stem into each nostril proceed to fuddle themselves with the narcotic to the great disgust of the Spaniards, who did not smoke. It was only because they did not know how, but Columbus lost another opportunity for adding another laurel to his immortal wreath and left to Sir Walter Raleigh the introduction of smoking into Europe a century later.

The main object of this article is to point out that down in the West Indies where dwell our nearest foreign neighbors, and where we have a tidy little island of our own in Porto Rico, the first Christmas anniversary in America was celebrated and the first dinner eaten with aboriginal Indians as the hosts. —Albany Press.

## TRI-CITY GLEANINGS

Outstanding in the calendar of 1929 have been the four picnics engineered by the Tri-Cities.

The first of these was the Frat picnic given by Davenport Division, No. 59, on June 16th, in Long View Park, Rock Island, Ill. This annual outing of the Frats has long been the big event of the year here, but it now has serious and worthy competition in the annual picnic of the Tri-Cities Chapter of the Deaf. The other two outings were private picnics for members and invited guests only, by the Blackhawk Social Club of Rock Island.

On June 16th, the Frats enjoyed a successful and happy occasion under the guidance of that picnic expert, Bertie E. Jennisch. While the attendance was not up to the usual mark, it made up for that in its quality. Visitors from Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Dubuque, Chicago, Kewanee, Burlington and points north, east, south and west were present, and a nice little piece of change was added to Davenport Division's treasury.

On July 4th, the Blackhawk Club held a private merrymaking at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Morris, up the river road, a stone's throw from the placid currents of the mighty Father of Waters. Your chronicler was unable to attend, hence is uninformed as to what happened. He was, however, the only absentee, having taken a "carload" up to Cedar Rapids to attend No. 49's patriotic celebration; so undoubtedly a hot time was had (especially as old Sol did his durnedest that day.)

The Blackhawk Club is now in its second year and going strong. It meets each month at the house of members, for cards and chit-chat, the first meeting of each quarter being a business meeting. Officers for 1929 are: B. E. Jennisch, president; Mrs. Phoebe Taylor, vice-president; A. N. Struck, secretary-treasurer; Ed Webb, sergeant-at-arms. The next meeting will be in the home of Mrs. Phoebe Taylor and will be devoted to election of officers for 1930 and to cards. Out-of-town visitors, vouched for by members, are welcome.

The Blackhawk Club also had a chicken dinner in Long View Park, September 8th, for members only. Once each year the Club has a similar outing, paid for out of its treasury and open only to members and invited guests. A public picnic is planned, however, for 1930.

On August 17th and 18th, the Tri-Cities Chapter of the Deaf held its second annual affair. On the 17th, a social party was given at the I. O. O. F. Hall in Davenport, at which the piece-of-resistance was the celebrated Ann McGann-Edna Carlson version of Yankee Doodle. And believe us, the N. A. D., or somebody, is asleep at the switch! There is a charm and virility about the dynamic Ann's performance that ought to be recorded in film for the edification of future generations. Your chronicler found himself pounding out the bewitching lady's rhythm on his monotype keyboard for several weeks after seeing the performance. But in estimating the success of it one must not overlook the work of Mrs. Carlson, whose foil needs only one criticism, namely, her make-up.

It doesn't look so good to see an apparently southern damsel cutting capers with a young negro dandy. Mrs. Carlson should make up as an old-time negro uncle. Then the southern susceptibilities would not be touched, for a certain familiarity with the ante-bellum "Uncle" was no impropriety for a Southern girl. "Uncle" was privileged.

Be that as it may, this act should be recorded as an added illustration of contemporary American sign-language: We have the buoyancy of Prof. Jones' animal imitations giving one aspect of its flexibility, and we have the classic "Lorna Doone" of the late beloved Dr. Gallaudet, but here is "something else again," as Abe said to Mawriss.

The Tri-Cities Chapter picnic was under the able, whole-hearted direction of "Pop" Nelson—than whom there is none other than whom. He was ably assisted by Messrs. Charles Loughran, Art C. Johnson and Ira Ricketts together with lesser luminaries.

Mrs. McGann and Mrs. Carlson again obliged with "Yankee Doodle" and Mrs. Melsaun treated the gather-

ing to an added exhibition of expert rail-riding "a-coming through the Rye." Ride 'er cow-girl! Incidentally "Coming through the Rye" should also be filmed along with "Yankee Doodle."

Announcement was made last week by Mr. Nelson that the Tri-Cities Chapter had sent one hundred dollars to the Iowa Foundation, and one hundred dollars to the Illinois Home Fund. "Dots der cheese," to quote our old friend, Rev. Homer E. Grace, of Denver. The Tri-Cities picnic will be held July 4th, in 1930, to make way for the proposed Mississippi Valley Conference at Des Moines, Labor Day.

## PERSONALITIES

Rev. Homer E. Grace, of Denver, was in our midst recently—pipe and all. He came to see and to conquer, but he didn't have a chance, as somebody lost the key to the church. Come again, Homer, and let somebody know you're coming next time.

B. E. Jennisch has changed his base and is now employed in the tractor works of the I. H. C. He recently had the misfortune to stick his hand in the wrong place and got it smashed between two motors. It seems his helper was to blame, so Bertie is drawing full pay for walking around the shop looking wise.

Here's a tip for deaf mechanics. If you're good, have good health and good character, the tractor works offers excellent opportunities for employment. But entrance requirements are strict. If you have bad teeth, do not apply. Also, you will be required to waive insurance benefits.

And that's a bit o' grist for Bro. Gibson, et al. Why should the Harvester Company refuse to insure its deaf employees along with the hearing? The order against it comes out of Chicago. However, your chronicler believes an employee cannot legally waive Workmen's Compensation benefits, but understands the insurance necessary to be waived is I. H. C. Company insurance.

Anyone interested should write to B. E. Jennisch, 3102½ Fifth Avenue, Rock Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Shaffer recently knew the joys of parenthood and the extreme sorrow of it, all in the space of half an hour, their first baby, a boy, having passed on within half an hour after birth. Mother doing fine now. Seymour is helping his brother nurse spinach and other execrable so-called foods out in Milan, Ill.

## FRAT ANNOUNCEMENT

Davenport Division, No. 59, will stage a smoker and banquet at I. O. O. F. Hall, Davenport, December 7th. The feed-bag goes on at 6:30. Regular frat meeting Friday, December 6th this time. No. 59 made this change to give No. 49 a chance to come down and sample the cooking of our ladies. Plans call for a real home-cooked dinner instead of a lot of expensive boloney at a hotel. Prices will be correspondingly less. Let us look upon your face, Brother!

November 15th, was the date of a most enjoyable surprise party given in honor of Mrs. Art C. Johnson in Rock Island.

A count of noses showed thirty-five present, including the little ones. Many mode gifts were presented to the guest of honor, including a fine badge and a purse of cash money. Five hundred and pleasant chatter made the evening pass quickly. Next!

A lot of people are broadminded until they come up against a practical problem.

## ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

### SCHEDULE OF SERVICES

From October to June inclusive—Sundays Evening Prayer and sermon, at 3:00 P.M. Second Sunday, Litany and sermon, at 3:00 P.M. Third Sunday, Holy Communion and sermon, at 3:00 P.M. Bible Class Meetings, at 4:15 P.M.

Callers are welcome during office hours on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons from 1:30 P.M. to 4:00 P.M., and evenings from 8:00 P.M. to 10:00 P.M.

On other days by appointment at the Rectory, 3226 North Sixteenth Street.

Rev. Warren M. Smaltz, M.A., S.T.B., Rector  
Harry E. Stevens, Lay-Reader  
(Protestant Episcopal)  
3720 North Sixteenth Street,  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

## PITTSBURGH

The Pittsburgh Silent Club has finally received its charter and will hereafter be known as the Pittsburgh Association of the Deaf. Under its new name it had its first social November 23d. Thanksgiving talks by Messrs. Nicholas, Holliday, Bohner, Farke and Reiser, took up the greater part of the evening. The latter sat with his back to the audience waving his arms in such a manner as to bring the signs to full view.

The P. A. D. is contemplating the purchase of a \$15,000 house a few blocks from headquarters. That will be some money to raise, but if we are to get anywhere the sooner we start the better. Peter Graves, who founded the Association, anticipates no trouble and expressed the belief that within a couple of years the P. A. D. would have a club house all its own. Fine optimism which, if it becomes contagious, should push the project to a successful termination.

Saturday, November 16th, Fred Connor took Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Gibson, Mildred Smith and Sam Rogalsky in his car for a pleasure trip to Franklin, Pa., where they stopped over night at the home of a friend. They were joined by Mrs. Frank Blackhall at Oil City. They had difficulty getting back the next day, when it was raining cats and dogs. At places where the roads were none too good the car got stuck in the mud, necessitating the combined strength of the occupants to lift it out.

From November 27th to December 1st, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Wickline, of Akron, O., were in the city visiting with the latter's mother. They dropped in on the Hollidays Saturday evening, when the mercury was hovering around zero. The company having been increased in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Gibson, the Wicklines were tempted to stay longer than they intended, with the result that they could not start their car home. The gasoline had frozen. Fortunately Mrs. Wickline has a brother who as an undertaker is ready to answer calls during the night. They were hauled home by a powerful undertaker's car at nearly 2 A.M.

Mrs. Mildred Smith and Mrs. Merrill Wilson are confined to hospitals, the former at the Steel Magee and the latter at the Passavant. The nature of their illness has not been learned.

A dance with music featured the evening before Thanksgiving Day at the P. A. D. Hall. The usual large crowd was not there owing to the approaching Christmas expenses, but there were enough thrills and excitement to make the occasion a really enjoyable one.

Joe Faxton, whose whereabouts for the last few months had been a mystery, bobbed up at the dance. It was revealed that he had spent the greater part of his absence doing odd jobs for families in Ohio. He had the appearance of a prosperous gentleman.

Carl Bohner, of Altoona, has finally come out of his shell. For years he had kept out of the way of the deaf for reasons known only to himself, but lately he has made two visits to the P. A. D. and says he is going home as often as he finds it possible hereafter. He attended Gallaudet for a short time in 1910, then went to Ohio State University, graduating with honors four years later. He also attended Columbia University for one year, taking a special course in chemistry. He has made several trips to Europe and is a great entertainer, with his observations of the living conditions of the foreign people and the deaf in particular. He expects to sail on the Majestic, May 31st.

Rev. Henry J. Pulver gave services at Trinity, Sunday evening, November 17th, a week in advance of his usual monthly visits.

The next local event will be a dance at the Edgewood School Saturday evening, December 14th, for the benefit of our Home at Torresdale. A Christmas treat to children at the P. A. D. Hall follows on December 22d.

FRANCIS M. HOLLIDAY.

You can ruin a party with too much planning.

The only people who can raise money easily are those who don't need it badly.



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EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

## TERMS.

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## CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions, and business letters, to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Station M. New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Whenever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of 10 cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

## Merry Christmas

Christmas has again come round. Christmas, the gladdest day of all the year. The day on which both old and young rejoice. When everyone acknowledges that praise and prayer, song and thankfulness, should go to the Great Ruler of the universe for the blessings that have come to them during the year. It is the anniversary of the birth of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who came on earth to bless and save.

To the little ones it brings happiness and joy. The gifts and games that they get and enjoy, make their future bright with promise and indelible stamp in their minds the glory and significance of the occasion. What if father's pocketbook be flattened and mother's patience strained by the confusion and perplexities there are inherent to Christmastide. They live over again the experience of their own childhood years. Memories of days alight with joy run through the generations, and continue the spirit that ennobles, accomplishes or endures. The influence of a good home never dies.

"And if, in time of sacred youth,  
We learned at home to love and pray,  
Pray Heaven that early love and truth  
May never wholly pass away."

"Amen! Whatever fate be sent,  
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,  
Although the head with cares be bent,  
And whitened with the winter snow."

"We wish you health and joy and mirth  
As fits the Merry Christmas-tide,  
As fits the holy Christmas birth,  
Be this, good friends, our carol still  
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,  
To men of gentle will."

HOWARD T. TERRY, whose poetical effusions have been printed in various magazines and newspapers throughout the past quarter century, is now in book form—cloth cover, heavy plate-paper, and over a hundred octavo pages of really beautiful poetry. The book is titled "Sung in Silence." Mr. Terry is selling it at \$2 a volume, and any of the deaf who can read good poetry understandingly, should purchase a copy. Institutions for the Education of the Deaf, should not consider their libraries complete without a volume of poetry written by a deaf product of their schools, as such books add inspiration to generations of pupils.

John Steven McCroarty, author of "The Mission Play," says of the book: "If you love poetry, you will love these poems. For, they are true poems and have in them the spark of divine fire. Indeed, I would say that they have the flame of the divine fire. I have read so many of them with the deepest pleasure and comfort of heart. I commend 'Sung in Silence' to all lovers of poetry."

Write to Howard T. Terry, 1289 Queen Anne Place, Los Angeles, Cal.

## "GIB"—MORT!

By J. Frederick Meagher

Fast flew his flashing fingers yesterday,  
Swift snapped his signs in shadowy salute;  
Prism on the platform, poised to preach or pray  
In motions—mellow mute.

Strumming strange symphonies, his sign-strings cleft  
Softly the silence—soothing idle ears.  
("Silent Sonatas—silly?"... To us deaf  
The music of the spheres.)

Soft as the sublime sweep and sway and swing  
Of beating angels' wings his arms would grope  
In silver silence... Does he somewhere sing  
Where useless ears unop?

Out into eternal silence has sailed the strong, sad soul of our Grand Old Frat. Flocking from afar came sorrowing Sons of the Silence, to see huge chunks of frozen sub-silence thump atop the expensive silken casket. Some 400 deaf mourners shivered and shook in the wintry wind, as a faint trace of coming snow flecked our faces—then rolled ruthlessly away in our cushioned cars, leaving him to be forever frozen by every blizzard, and soaked by every rainstorm, and scorched by every sun.

For Francis P. Gibson is dead. We left him buried there beneath a coverlet of ferns and flowers, piled knee-deep for yards around that fresh, ghastly, gash in the green-sward. Three full auto-loads of flowers that preceded the hearse. A thousand dollars worth of beautiful buds, to freeze overnight—wired by friends and divisions far and near.

A thousand dollars wasted. There were times when the living Gibson could gladly have made use of the money spent on just one such tribute. The last time he and I ate Dutch-treat together, we had pork-and-beans in Pixley's both perched on high stools which we had first carefully wiped off with paper napkins. And we ate our plates clean!

Genial "Gib," the greatest deaf-mute in the world, died quick and sudden. Without fanfare or feldel he silently stole away to face that operation deferred for years. He gambled his life on an operation to remove the ever-agonizing pain, and restore his full mental and physical faculties to the herculean task of building up a stronger and better N. F. S. D.

Grand President Gibson gambled—and lost. "Like deaf Beethoven, Gibson sang a Symphony of Service to the Silent," sign-swung benevolent Dr. Hasenstab above his casket. "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust." His snowy sideburns agitated by "near-zero breeze, bareheaded he stood and consigned to his Maker the man who a week ago to the day and hour was still working at his desk as head of the first million-dollar corporation the deaf ever handled.

That night we deaf dined and danced and gamed and made merry 'd at the once-mighty South Side "Sac" in what was called "Flickville"—but is now known as Nigger Heaven; and at the new deaf metropolis on the Northwest Side. But Gibson did not care. He did not know.

The first of all frat presidents to perish—like Cloud, the first Nad president to die—Gibson did not even notify me of the impending crisis. Yet I was the chief political ally of each Immortal.

Fearlessly facing Fate, Cloud and Gibson died like true Spartans—reluctant to cause their comrades worry. In 1903, on the very same day Gibson joined the society, he took over as president a crazy schoolboy pipe-dream—with less than 200 members and a busted treasury. Now, twenty-six years later, he leaves it Deafdom's greatest enterprise with 2,849 members and assets of \$1,214,495!

We placed Gib, pedestaled, on a par with Laurent Clerc and his Gallaudet.

Gibson, greatest by far of the eight Immortal Fighting Men of Deafdom, was only 59. (Only Veditz of Colorado and another at this time remain of that Immortal Eight.) His two years tenure of the Presidency saw a brazen flouting of his authority by three of the other five Grands. Only Chairman of Trustees George Morton (still living here in Chicago) sided with "that kid president" in an apparently hopeless fight to save the society. Gibson won. But the tactics of the ousted freebooters embittered the balance of his life—for plausible scandal grows with each repetition, you know. Morton quit the society in disgust, and Gibson lost for reelection. Although he served as Grand Secretary from 1909 to 1927, it was not until Denver 1927 that he again assumed the throne rightfully his by merit, ability and gratitude.

In the two years since, Gibson gradually built up a splendid organization with every interlocking unit working in harmony. But every time, as he started to branch out on the really big improvements, something happened. It was generally his health. For some ten years or so Gibson has suffered from hernia (rupture). I seem to remember he once told me it came from a fall while sleepily stepping off a dark Pullman in some tank-town, on one of his necessary trips, to keep the organization from busting-up, due

to the childish squabbles of such dumb soreheads as myself. (Oh, the names Gib used to call me—and the call-downs he used to give me. He said that for me, the letters WAE meant "Whine An Excuse." I'd kill any other lad for that. But you couldn't hate Gib—he was so consarn honest and earnest and human.)

An operation was necessary, of course. But he put off the operation year after year. I repeatedly urged him to get it over with, take his first vacation in years, and return to the job full of pep, punch and personality; vim, verve and vigor; zeal and zest.

"Why the rush?" he would reply. "I can get along for a little while yet; here's a lot of work that *MUST* be done—the operation will wait until next month."

But every "next month" found him with fresh problems, which "must" have his prompt personal attention.

I'll say one thing for Gib, he never ducked a tough assignment. What a whale of a newspaperman he would have made. Or a prize-fighter.

A few weeks ago Nature finally demanded an accounting. This business of arising a dozen times each night had worn him down physically. He needed sleep. And the ever-growing scope of the N. F. S. D. brought ever-growing problems and detail-work. Grand Secretary-Treasurer Arthur L. Roberts gladly took over all of Gibson's line he could (and Bobs ran the N. A. D. as a side-line—don't ask me how, miracles will happen.) Clerks Kemp and Cherry worked their fool heads off, like a couple of truck-horses—there was no added help to the force, now that we have close to million-and-a-quarter dollars, than there was when we had a half-million less. In fact, noting Hank Anderson's omission, there was really one less officer.

It did my old heart good to see the glorious harmony with which that well-oiled machine functioned. We had a real organization, let me tell you. And when a chronic-kicker like your Uncle Jimmie finds anything to praise, that something must be praiseworthy indeed.

I'll show you how it went: whenever I would rush into President Gibson's office, unannounced, with that supreme effort and confidence which only old newspapermen attain, he would momentarily hesitate—frowning as his careful train of thought was side-tracked to a spur look up wearily to see who it was, sigh a sort of "Great Gosh, another half-hour shot to everlasting Ghenna out here," then quickly collect himself with the typical genial Gibsonesque manner.

Our talk would shortly be interrupted by Roberts rushing in—Bobs used to be a cheeky muckraking yellow-journalist like like me, too—but he "got religion," and now writes with a Big Business style that uses long words he picked up somewhere that I don't understand. "Gib, what's the law in such-and-such a state in this-and-that matter; and what's the conservative policy advisably adaptable to the situation?" snaps Bobs's nimble little fingers. (Fancy such language from the ex-editor of the *Kansas Star*, whose favorite expressions used to be "oral octopus," "oral ox," and "oral ass." I liked to listen to Bobs much better in those days—I could understand what he was writing about without having to consult a dictionary.)

Gibson would rub a weary forehead with a weary hand, knit his brows in deep thought, muse a moment, then rattle off a few words on his long digits; Bobs would wave a code "Okay," and rush back to his own desk. In would waft that demure and dainty hearing typist of Gib's, who would orally inquire how many copies of this, how many of that, send out or present for his perusal; state Horder phoned they would deliver the needed stationery tomorrow; notify him there's "another" salesman at the gate demanding to see the president on important matters, etc.

Gib told her—also told her what to tell the salesman. That left only Kemp and Cherry to butt-in with necessary inquiries, before I could finish the topic I came to discuss with our great leader.

"You know Gibson's marvelous memory for names and faces, his uncanny knack of doing just the right thing at the right time?" Bobs explained recently. "Well, that man is a marvel at remembering essential decisions in insurance cases before the bar, and in the thousands of minor pitfalls which have caused so many 'fraternals' to run on the rocks. His physical condition is bad—very bad—he is running on sheer grit, unable to do half the work he wants to—but his advice in needed matters is alone worth to the society several times what we are paying him."

Well, as I said before, Nature finally struck. A few weeks ago Gibson was taken seriously ill. Temperature up to 104. He fought it out. Came back to work—fully alarmed. Went under strict medical observation. Several X-rays revealed a couple of gallstones in the bladder—jagged, painful things. These must come out pronto, and

that hernia healed. Then a long rest—probably Florida—and the cyclonic captain of a decade back would again make history.

The die was cast. Caesar would cross the Rubicon. The date was set for December 2d.

Saturday, November 30th, was the last day Gibson ever went to work. He cleaned out his desk and wound up a lot of loose ends. The clerks and "steno" went home at noon—but there are no Saturday half-holidays for Gib and Bobs. Five o'clock finally came—how the hours flew that last fated day. For the last time Gibson pushed back his swivel chair—just as he had a million times since 1903. For the last time he rose—slowly and in pain, holding his starboard bow. For the last time our Grand Old Frat plucked his none-too-new overcoat from its accustomed peg. And grimaced as he slowly drew it on. Then donned his typical slouch hat. A last, long, lingering look around the office. Ah, a book out of place—a few steps and it was righted. Starting away—ah, another letter needing a few brief notations for guidance of his little typist Monday. The notations were promptly noted. Oh, that pain. He straightened up, and walked through his own door for the last time. Straight through clerk Cherry's room he strode, and on to Secretary Roberts' sanctum.

"There shall be neither time nor place,  
Border nor breed nor birth,  
When two strong men meet face to face—  
Though they come from the ends of the earth."—Kipling.

Roberts rose at his entrance, dropping his fountain pen. The two great leaders made a striking contrast. Gibson—tall, powerful, good-fellowish, self-made with only a grammar school education. Roberts—short, wiry, shrewdly business-like, college-bred, former principal of Kendall School. Clapping hands, they stood a moment, silent. Only one sentence passed between them, only one, but what a wealth of understanding in their eyes. Just one sentence: "Bobs, if I don't pull through, you carry on!" Only that. "Carry on!" The phrase so popular back in the dark days of seventeen, when young Donald Gibson, his only child, was suddenly ordered overseas, where he earned two wound stripes while serving as motorcycle dispatch-bearer in the Argonne.

"CARRY ON!" Gibson wheeled and walked across Bobs's office, crossed the big general office room, strode straight to the railing gate with its trick-lock, opened it for the last time and let it slam shut behind him. Three strides and he opened the big door, with its lettered glass: "National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, Inc." Here he paused. Looked around with wistful eyes. Eyes just slightly moist. Deep, dark, honest old eyes—keen and penetrating. They spied a pile of papers. Old habits impelled a half-step towards them. He brought up short, and hesitated. Sighed. The wistful gleam wavered. Suddenly squaring his shoulders like some Danny Deever about to march to the gallows, Gibson executed a snappy about-face and marched briskly off to his death—first lovingly closing the door after him!

That night he spent with his family in the cozy Evanston home, not far from Gen. Charles Dawes. Evanston is the first suburb north of Chicago. There was Grandma Taylor, aged eighty-five on Monday; ma Minnie Gibson, his wife, and her brother, Leo Taylor; son, Donald, and his bride of a few months. Just those six. It was their last loving bivouac.

Sunday, he went to St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago, prepared to be operated on Monday. Monday came—and the surgeon put off the operation another day, desiring to make still another verification of the blood-pressure. It seems this is important—in case of an error in cutting, the blood-spurt must be promptly curbed in direct ratio to volume and pressure, or something. Said the medico: "I believe you should pull through all right."

"Go ahead," said Gib. The operation was performed Tuesday, December 3d, 1929. Gibson was patched up right and proper. The surgeon breathed with relief. The great Gib was evidently fated to return rejuvenated and vividly virile.

That night, Chicago Division, No. 1, held its annual election. Dad Frederick Meinken, father of the two famous stage stars, Grace and Helen, was declared winner in a spirited triangular contest. While counting the ballots, an announcement was made: "Brother Francis P. Gibson, our Grand President, is in the hospital, where he was operated on today. He is reported doing finely and is expected to be out in a few days."

The announcement did not occasion any alarm; it seemed mere routine; half-forgotten in the excitement of the election. Why, durn your hide, Gib IS Gib; solid as the rock of Gibraltar; enduring as the stars and tides; fraternal tradition almost from the very birth of the N. F. S. D. fated to be THE Gib long after all of us are ashes and dust. An operation, says you? Huh—might as well operate on a battleship. You couldn't hurt such a tough old turkey if you used dynamite. Gib has weathered so many stormy seas that a few days in bed

will be good for him. Don't worry us with trifles.

But little Roberts, who had phone-pestered the hospital for hourly bulletins, sadly shook his head as he held his counsel. For the last response had apprised of a change for the worse.

And worse Gib grew, as the long night hours dragged by. His big form was racked with anguish. He fought for breath. He clutched his heart (post-mortem autopsies revealed the cause of death as due to a blood-clot in the heart). He fought with frantic force, while his wife and son and daughter-in-law clung piteously to his side all night long. Fought even as he had fought so long ago, almost single-handed, against that bunch of freebooters who were looting the good frat ship from keel to mizzenmast.

Gibson was slowly dying.

Came the dawn. Through lucid intervals of his delirium, he fought to get up and buckle down to the Symphony of Service to which he had devoted his life. The dreaded operation was over, and proved a success—had not the surgeon himself said so? Don't argue, it had proved a trifle, after all. The Frat needed him. He must hurry back to the job. Like some injured half-back fighting instinctively as they carried him off the field, the greatest deaf-mute alive was fighting off death, impatient to go back to work. Half-delirious, he decided he could, he must, he would go back to work. The routine of many, many years asserted itself—as a game pug gets up helpless and wades into a fusillade of flying fists. Eight o'clock came. Eight o'clock? Why, that's the hour he caught the Northwestern train to town. Hurry—no dinky little operation by sissified saw-bones was going to chain a great big man like Gib to his bed. No sir—ouch! Eight-naught-five—five minutes late already? Five minutes late, five minutes late, five minutes late—the delirium caused him to surge with a sudden gigantic convulsion. AND HE WAS GONE!

Time, 8:05. He could not go in body—so he went in spirit.

In spirit the great Gib returned to his task and his treadmill. Only in spirit; but his spirit shall live with the N. F. S. D. forever.

## "GIB"

To those who knew that "grand old frat" and the noblest of them all as just plain "Gib", the loss of a friend as staunch and true is insurmountable. For, behind the curtain of the world's stage the real personality of the actor is known. "Gib" was equally great as the great Francis P. Gibson, the "miracle man of the Frats". And to have known "Gib" was to have loved him. His gentle disposition endeared him to the hearts of all, behind and in front of the "curtain".

There was nothing that pleased the great "Gib" better than to mix with his fellow-men and win their confidence in the gospel he preached to them, "to co-operate in making the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf the grandest organization of its kind in existence and let the world know that it was of, for and by the deaf."

Naturally, "Gib" was endowed with a happy heart and "genii-gifted", as one of the Frat poets once versed him. Nothing would diminish his faith in his work; every knock, every brick-bat that was handed him, was accepted with a smile and he would use them to good advantage. This may be one of the reasons why the N. F. S. D. has grown to its present size in membership and funds. "Gib" had a heart that was truly an understanding one. He understood the deaf. He knew their needs. This is one of the secrets of his success that we may well emulate. The loss of a friend and leader of this type is irreplaceable.

It is evident that the great burden that he carried next to his heart, the unselfish devotion to the cause hastened his death. His life work was not finished. There was still more he had hoped to accomplish. His efficient system of organization has left the Society in good shape and in excellent hands to carry on the work he left off.

With the spirit of the great Gibson's gospel planted into practically every corner of the country, and the spirit of co-operation pervading therein, there is every reason to believe that the Society will carry on to greater success. This would be Gib's last wish, if he was asked what would please him most, after he had been called and found absent. It would be a perpetual memorial to the man whose name shall always be synonymous as long as the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf exists. Let us carry on. And may the soul of Francis P. Gibson rest in peace, and remain in the hearts of those who knew and loved him.

MAX M. LUBIN.

The Metropolitan Chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association will give an entertainment in St. Ann's Guild Hall on Saturday evening, January 11th. This affair, particulars of which will be announced later, will be for the benefit of the Edward Miner Gallaudet Endowment Fund, to erect a Memorial Building or some suitable memorial to the founder and first president of the College in Washington, D. C.

## CHICAGO

GIBSON DEAD

Grand President Francis P. Gibson, of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, was operated on for gallstones Tuesday, December 3d; died next day, and was buried on the 7th. As the greatest deaf-mute in the world, we are proud to claim he was born, educated, and lived all his life right here in Chicago.

As a world-character, news of Gibson's death demands more space than can be given in one column. And it will probably be fittingly written-up as a special article, and printed in this JOURNAL, by J. Frederick Meagher.

Mr. Gibson joined the society as a member some months after it had been originated and founded by Jesse A. Waterman, a graduate of the Michigan deaf school. The society began with twenty-five members and at present numbers 7,000, with assets totaling \$1,250,000.

Socials were held both in the South Side and on the Northwest Side. In the first, the old Sac was jammed with visitors and locals—probably fifty distinguished visitors, such as Souder, of Washington; Howe, of Akron; Hinch and several more from Detroit; Bacheberle, from Cincinnati; Treuke and Anderson, from Omaha. All the past grand presidents were present except Hellers, No. 1. Shilton, of Toronto, represented Canada.

This had been advertised weeks beforehand as a "Whoopie party," starting at two in the afternoon, serving supper, and lasting until midnight. Due to the funeral, the afternoon fell through, and the "whoopie" element was toned down; but starting with the scheduled supper the boys carried on as scheduled.

At Kedzie and Lawrence, in what promises to become to the elite what Sacville used to be before the rising tide of color submerged the historic edifice, the Hebrew League gave their fifth annual ball, attended by several hundred silents. Over a dozen tables of cards were enjoyed by non-dancers. Abe Migatz was manager.

The families of Gus Anderson and Emory Horn have moved to Kedzie and Lawrence, right into the heart of the new "Sacville" on the Northwest side. Mrs. Anderson is around, following a serious operation, looking like a million dollars.

The Ingval Dahls arrived back from a week in Minnesota on the first. Miss Bada Erickson came back on the 7th, after a visit to the folks back in Ft. Ransom, N. Dak. Mrs. Nora O'Neil arranged a birthday party on the first for Mrs. Robert Blair.

Friends of Mrs. Bernard Jacobson gave her a birthday surprise party November 24th, managed by Mrs. Borinstein.

November 23d, the bachelors of the Saturday Evening Club—exclusively oral—tendered dinner to the members at a South Side Hotel, followed by games and refreshments at the home of the sister of Miss Rhea Friedman.

Mrs. Franklin Martin served dinner to the Ladies' Aid Society, December 4th, followed by a shower for Rev. Mrs. C. Elmes. The latter being home with a bad cold, the gifts were repacked and brought over to the parsonage.

Miracles will happen. Parson Purdum of the Pas, scrivener of the *Citizen*, will be interested to know that the sun shone again on the meeting date of the Sunshine Club, November 5th, when hostess Mrs. Fred Young served a dainty luncheon.

On the 7th, Mrs. G. Flick had a score at a dainty luncheon in honor of the famous authoress, Miss Anna-belle Kent, of New York, her guest. The day prior Mrs. Ben Frank also gave a luncheon for Miss Kent.

Mrs. Fredo Hyman donated some twenty prizes for the "500" and bunco party she gave at the Home for Aged Deaf the night before Thanksgiving.

The Lutherans had a packed house at their bazaar and card party the last of November, and late comers were turned away unable to find a place to park their shoes.

The same night the Otto Lorenzen entertained three tables of "500."

Mrs. George Leavitt, of Peoria, Ill., spent several days here visiting the Harrison Leiters.

The deaf clubs and missions for the month, as follows: Frats No. 1, at the Capital Building Saturday, December 21st, for members and families only; Pas-a-Pas Club, at its club hall December 22d, for members and families only; Rev. Flick's church Tuesday, December 24th, welcome; Lutheran Church for the Deaf Wednesday, December 25th, welcome; and Ephpheta Club at its club house Sunday, December 29th. Chicago Division, No. 106, Silent Athletic Club, and Hebrew Deaf Club have not decided on dates of Christmas trees.

The Chicago Council, No. 1, of C. K. L. D., held a monthly meeting at the Ephpheta Club house Sunday, December 7th, at 3:30 p.m., followed by an election of new officers for 1930.

Thomas Gray and G. Erickson returned from a trip to St. Louis, Mo., where they visited the Gallaudet deaf club.

WISCONSIN NOTES

Word was received in Milwaukee, Racine, Delavan, Wisconsin, and other division points with sorrow Wednesday of the death of F. P. Gibson, of Chicago, Grand President of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Mr. Gibson had been connected with the society almost from the time of its organization and had been in active charge of affairs since 1901. F. J. Neesam, Vice-President of the Society, may succeed Mr. Gibson.

Mrs. T. Emery Bray, wife of the superintendent of the Wisconsin deaf school, left for California last week to spend some time for her health. On her way she visited her son, Wallace, a student at North Wisconsin University at Evanston, Ill., and also her daughter, a teacher at the Iowa deaf school.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Bishop returned home to Iowa, after he had been laid off from his work at Milwaukee, on account of slack business. He is waiting for word from his firm to recall him to work.

The Wisconsin deaf school opened the basketball season last Friday, when the local team met the Beloit High school at the State gymnasium. A. V. Sawyer, who quit as a watchman at the Wisconsin deaf school, has gone to Beloit, Wis., where he is being employed in an upholstery shop.

Mrs. Clara Spears was given a surprise party by deaf friends at Racine, Wis., in honor of her birthday last month. Games were played and refreshments served at the close of a pleasant evening.

The Milwaukee Division of the Frats will celebrate a New Year's Eve, at the North Avenue Auditorium, with a party Tuesday, December 31st. Good music and dancing.

Leon Weiss has been re-elected as manager of the Milwaukee Silent Basketball team. Teams desiring to play games should write to him in care of the Milwaukee Silent Club, 221 West Water Street.

Reuben Rosenfield, Marvin Goff, Mrs. Thompson and daughter, Verna, motored to Madison from Delavan, Wis., Sunday to visit Mrs. Thompson's son, Alvin, who underwent an operation for appendicitis, at the Madison General Hospital during the past week.

THIRD FLAT.

427 S. Robey St.

## Portland, Oregon

Mr. O. Fay had a narrow escape from being seriously hurt by a hit-and-run driver, while on his way to work. He was knocked to the pavement and received painful injuries to his leg and neck. At first, Mr. Fay was afraid his neck was broken, but after the doctor's examination, it was found not serious; but Mr. Fay still feels some pain in his collar bone. He failed to get the number on the auto.

Instead of the Portland Division, No. 41, N. F. S. D., it will be the Oregon Association of Deaf party, Wednesday night, December 31st, and the committee is making preparations for a big time. The event will be held in the W. O. W. Temple, corner of East Alder and Sixth Streets. The party is given to raise funds for the O. A. D. Convention, to be held in Portland next summer. President Werner is pushing things along in order to have funds enough to make the convention a big success. The Salem deaf, where President Werner lives, are expecting to raise \$100 or more. President Werner asks all deaf in Oregon, who can take in the New Year party. Also our neighbors in Washington are welcome to help swell the crowd that night.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Johnson are the proud parents of a new baby girl, also Mr. and Mrs. H. Greenwood are the father and mother of a new son. Both babies were born in November. Congratulations to the happy parents.

The S. F. L. Club Auxiliary, Portland Division 41, N. F. S. D., held their election, Saturday night, December 7th. The new officers for 1930 are: President, Mrs. C. Gamson; Vice-President, Mrs. Rudy Spieler; Secretary, Miss Anna Yold; Treasurer, re-elected, Mrs. H. P. Nelson; Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Helen Moller.

Mrs. Gallagher, formerly Miss Grace Peringer, is back in Portland and it is understood she has secured a position here. Her many Portland friends were glad to see her smiling face again.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Kautz were in Silverton, Ore., recently visiting a few deaf friends. They report a fine time.

Mr. C. H. Lind and J. O. Reichle, Secretary and Treasurer of the O. A. D., were in Salem, Sunday, November 24th, on business with President Werner concerning the convention in Portland next summer.

Miss Olga Oihus was in Salem recently, visiting her friend, Mrs. E. Hughes.

To the Oregon readers of this deaf paper: Please help by sending in some news to the writer for this column. Also subscribe the small sum of \$2.00 per year. The paper is mailed weekly.

Yours for more news, and the best wishes for the coming holidays.

H. P. H.

Dec. 9, 1929.

The body goes to work a lot more readily than the mind.

You don't have to know much to know more than most people.



## Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

### TORONTO TIDINGS

Mrs. Walter Bell, of Oshawa, was up for the week-end of November 30th, renewing old acquaintances here with a smile.

Our West End Y. M. C. A. Sunday Schools has been supplied with a fine long coat rack, which was a much felt want and for which the members are grateful to the Y. M. C. A. directors.

Like a bolt from the blue came a surprise to Mr. Neil A. M. Gillivray on November 29th, when his prudent wife got up a party on the quiet in honor of his natal day. Though it was a bitter cold night, a nice little bunch turned out to enjoy an evening of great fun and a sumptuous repast.

Mr. John T. Shilton gave a very fine sermon at our church on December 1st, on the "Thoughts of the Heart."

The Women's Association gave another very successful social on November 30th, in aid of our church, and there was a very beautiful turnout. There was barrels of fun in various ways, and prizes were won by a few lucky individuals. In the rope skipping contest, Miss Healy and Mr. Frank Pierce carried off the honors for their respective sex. In the silver hunt, Miss Betty Reid and Miss Annabel Thomson with their eagle eyes found the shining quarter that was equivalent to their admission fee. Mr. Charles L. McLaughlin proved a Samson in the strength test and came out an undisputed champion. The proceeds netted over fifteen dollars. Light refreshments were served, and then another lovely event went into oblivion.

Mr. John T. Shilton left on December 6th for Chicago to attend the funeral of the late Francis P. Gibson.

Mr. J. R. Byrne gave a very impressive lecture at our Epworth League, on December 4th, on the "Wonders of the Bible."

Miss Holt, of Hamilton, was in our midst for a few days lately, as the guest of Miss Bellamy.

Owing to Mr. Shilton having to go to Chicago on a more important mission, the lecture by him that was scheduled for December 7th, has been postponed to a later date in the New Year.

While at work on a painting contract recently, Mr. David Lawrence had the misfortune to get his right hand badly burned by acid lime, and in consequence was obliged to lay his tools aside for a week or so, while the injured limb was tied up in bandages. He is improving now.

Our Women's Association held its monthly meeting in December, and elected the old officers by acclamation—*viz.*, Mrs. W. R. Watt, President; Mrs. Henry Whealy, First Vice-President; Mrs. George Brethour, Treasurer; and Mrs. Samuel Goodall, Secretary.

### BRIGHTON BRIGHTLIGHTS

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Warner and two children, of Grafton, had dinner on November 17th, with Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Brooks, later going on to visit Florence McGregor. All were looking very well.

We were all shocked to hear of the sad and sudden death of Mrs. Ellwood McBrien, of Peterboro. Only last September we were so pleased to enjoy her company at the Gerow meeting in the "Light Lock City," when she was looking so well and cheerful.

Mrs. E. J. Brooks, who has been steadily working on the peeling machine at the apple canning factory here for a long time, may be laid off any time now until early in the spring. She and Mr. Brooks are in the best of spirits just now.

Miss Lena Shannon, of Oshawa, and her cousins, of Hamilton, motored down on December 1st, for a visit to Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Brooks, of this place, and all had a lovely time together talking over schoolhood days. Miss Shannon is looking very well.

Mr. Thomas Dand, who has been working for Mr. George Bellamy on the latter's farm near Wicklow all the past season has completed the season and at present is visiting his many friends around these parts. He was lately out visiting the White Bros. at Bewdley and later was helping Mr. E. J. Brooks fix up his home in preparation for winters long vigil. Tom is very fond of his sagacious police dog.

We would like to throw a little more light of publicity upon the life of our late friend, Mrs. Andrew C. Alexander, who crossed the Eternal Boundary, on October 8th last. Although she suffered much acute pain from cancer in her right side for more than two years, she bore all her suffering with true Christ-like fortitude, thinking more of the suffering of others who were afflicted in the same way, than of herself. She was very well and favorably known. She had attained the venerable old age of eighty-one on the 21st of last September, and had she lived fourscore more days would have observed her thirty-second wedding day on October 12th. Her funeral, which was very largely attended was held to the Carrying Place Cemetery. In her youth she attended the old Hamilton and Toronto schools and later put in a term at the Belleville school. She was very

## OHIO

active up to the time of her demise, despite her ailment. We mourn the loss of a good old friend.

Miss Agnes Perry is doing very well at her home in Cobourg, despite her advancing years. She occasionally hears from her deaf sister, Annie, who is now living in Toronto and said to be the oldest living deaf person in Canada.

Week after week we look forward to the coming of the good news-bearing JOURNAL to glean the doings to our numerous friends. To Mr. Roberts, the deaf owe a lasting tribute for his untiring efforts on our behalf.

### LONG BRANCH LOCALS

Mr. William Ormiston, of Brooklyn, while attending the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto, came out to this burg, on a two-days' visit to his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Timpson, and had a lovely time.

Mr. George W. Reeves was out from Toronto one day lately greeting old friends at his Ruthian size. Come again, George.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLean have friends right and left. Many were surprised themselves to be eligible candidates under the Old Age Pension Act, and will soon be receiving their "reward" from the Ontario Government. Congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Timpson were in Toronto, on December 2d, visiting Mr. A. W. Mason and also at "Mora Glen."

### ST. WILLIAM'S SUNBEAMS

On October 20th, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Smalldon, of St. Thomas, motored down and spent the day very pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Woodward, and on their return they were accompanied by Mrs. Woodward and children, who visited friends in the "Railway City" for over a week, also attended Mr. Norman Gladwin's service in London, on October 27th, where she met many old schoolmates and had a grand time all around.

Much disappointment was felt by the deaf here when Mr. Howard J. Lloyd, of Brantford, failed to turn up at the arranged Mission Meeting here on December 1st. The reason for his non-appearance we know not why. Miss Florence Davis, of Walsh, and James Chambers, of Silverhill, were among those on hand to hear Mr. Lloyd.

### RAGLAN RANDOMS

We greatly appreciated the call on us by Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Grooms, of Toronto, one day recently.

Mr. George S. McLaren was lately apprised of the sudden death of his nephew, Mr. Alexander Hydman, who passed beyond from an attack of heart disease, at his home in Hallsville, near Cornwall. Mr. McLaren was unable to go so far to attend the funeral.

Mr. James Howe Ormiston, son of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Ormiston, was happily united in wedlock recently to Miss Mina Hall, of Brooklyn, amid a scene of great jubilation, and gift giving by a large company of relatives and friends. We wish the young couple every happiness and prosperity down their future course.

On a recent Sunday, Mr. Daniel Gerow, of Peterboro, accompanied by Messrs. Joseph and Alexander White, of Bewdley, motored up to this place to visit Mr. and Mrs. James J. Ormiston and George S. McLaren. Later the whole bunch of six motored on to Oshawa, where they attended the mission meeting conducted by Mr. J. R. Byrne, of Toronto, and all report a profitable time.

On November 16th, about thirty-five relatives and friends of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Stark (nee Lizzie Ormiston), journeyed out to their home near Enfield to help celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of the marriage of this popular couple. The evening was spent in a grand old-fashioned way, with games and song, plus a bounteous supper in the Prince of Wales style. Mr. and Mrs. Stark are very popular and well known among the deaf.

### GENERAL GLEANINGS

The Toronto Fraternal Society of the Deaf held its annual election of officers on December 5th, with the following results: President, H. E. Grooms; Vice-President, W. E. Grey; Treasurer, A. H. Jaffray; and Secretary, Charles Levi McLaughlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Gladwin, of Hamilton, were among those who attended the monthly mission meeting at Niagara Falls, on December 1st, and the latter rendered a beautiful hymn. Messrs. Arthur Ellis, of St. Catharines, Lloyd Thornton, of Fruitland; the Misses Sylvia Caswell, Helen Middleton and Edward Pilgrim, of the Falls, were also at this meeting.

Miss Blanche Brewer, of Bothwell, has been staying with a married sister in Ridgeway for several weeks past. A little baby girl was born to her sister, of which Blanche is very proud.

Mr. Nelson Wood was, at time of writing, in Ellensburg, Wash., on his way back to Santa Barbara, from a very pleasant trip to Vancouver, B. C., where he met our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvy H. Armstrong and Charles W. Golds, Jr. We are glad to hear that Mr. Armstrong conducts his own shoe shop in Vancouver and is doing very well.

Mrs. H. W. Roberts and the writer wish all your JOURNAL readers and others a very Merry Christmas with all its cheer and good-will.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

justice to it all, and hope matters can be so changed as to give him Ohio only.

Friends as well as members of the N. F. S. D. were greatly shocked when word reached here of the death of Mr. Gibson in Chicago.

E.

## PHILADELPHIA

Two old timers of this city passed away only a day apart recently.

Mrs. Helen R. Wilson (nee Levi) wife of the late Edward D. Wilson and mother of Valentine L. and Leonard R. Wilson, died on December 7th, of heart stroke, after a short illness.

Mrs. Wilson attended the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf as a day pupil, when it was located at Broad and Pine Streets. She was married to Edward D. Wilson, who died about sixteen years ago. They had two children, Valentine L., and Leonard R., who survive. Although her education was not the best that could be attained, Mrs. Wilson set an example of usefulness that might well be copied by many others of her class. She was especially active among her people of Beth Israel Association for the Deaf; she displayed a warm interest in The Pennsylvania Home for the Blind, Aged and Infirm Deaf, a nonsectarian institution located at Torresdale, and in The Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, of which she was a member for many years, giving both all the assistance possible, and it is well-known that when she was not occupied in promoting the welfare of her Hebrew people, she seemed to delight in lending a hand to the sewing-guild of All Souls' Church for the Deaf. Thus her all-around usefulness far over-shadowed any personal peculiarities she may have had and put to shame the shortcomings of those gifted with the possession of all the senses. Of her it may be truly said that she tried to do the best she could, even if she did not always succeed.

The writer had opportunity for a close acquaintance with her, as he had had with her late husband, who was his classmate at school; for she was won't to write us weekly about the doings of Beth Israel Association for the Deaf for our correspondence to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and at other times she came to us for guidance in matters of policy. While we could not always gratify her ambition to pursue her policy, it was nevertheless very evident to us that she tried to make herself useful in different ways. For this and other things we can not begrudge her praise.

The funeral services were held on Monday, 9th of December, and the interment was beside her husband in Mt. Sinai Cemetery, Frankford.

The other death was that of George W. Campbell and occurred on Sunday, 8th of December. He was the husband of the late Kate L. Campbell (nee Purvis). The cause of death was said to be cancer of the mouth, and he was nearly or about seventy-five years old.

Mr. Campbell attended the old Broad and Pine Streets School in the sixties or earlier. He became a skilled car carpenter and was employed in the Pennsylvania Railroad's car shops in West Philadelphia for many years, and was finally retired on a pension. He was well-known in this city.

The funeral was held from his late home, 1223 South Bonall Street, which he owned. The Rev. Edward F. Kaercher officiated, and burial was in Mt. Moriah Cemetery.

We have just heard of the death of Mr. John C. Lentz, brother-in-law of Robert M. Ziegler. He was ill at the time of Mr. Ziegler's death last January. We do not know when he died. Can some one inform us the date?

The old Lachman textile mill, where Miss Sarah Greenly worked for fifty-two years, was destroyed by fire last week. Miss Greenly retired from work several years ago, on account of age.

Frank Jones was knocked down on the street by a trolley-car last Monday. Fortunately he escaped with minor injuries.

Mrs. Howard E. Arnold has been confined to her home by an attack of gripe, but is slowly recovering now. Due to the icy streets and the resultant poor attendance, the annual elections of the Clerc Literary Association, which were to have been held last Thursday evening, were postponed.

Holy Communion will be celebrated in All Souls' Church at 10:30 o'clock, on Christmas Day.

On Saturday evening, December 28th, All Souls' will hold its Christmas festival.

Silent Johnny Rosenblum is the latest to enter the ranks of the manly art as a professional. He is in appearance a quiet individual, who would be taken for a churchman than fighter. The dailies recently had this to say of him: "Silent Johnny Rosenblum, deaf-mute, who went great guns in the amateur ring, will turn professional soon under the management of Nathan Seigel. He will appear in the armories before going after big game. The youngster is fairly clever and can punch hard."

Last week we reported that Rev. F. C. Smielau was to make a change in his field, but the other evening we found out though Mr. Ohlemacher that the plans were only talk so far, and nothing definite had been decided upon as yet. We all know Rev. Smielau has too large a field to do

## SEATTLE

The ninth annual bazaar of the Lutheran Ladies' Aid, November 3d, cleared a satisfactory sum. Many hearing friends of Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Gaertner helped in purchasing. Articles remaining were auctioned off by Bert Haire and Le Roy Bradbury. Every year, W. S. Root presents the Ladies' Aid a big load of writing pads. This time it brought a nice amount. About a hundred attended this bazaar. The Tacoma were Mr. and Mrs. Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Stroud and Mr. Cavanaugh, and the Everett people, Mr. and Mrs. Frederickson and children.

The Thanksgiving sermon by Rev. G. W. Gaertner, Sunday, November 24th, was one of the most interesting we have had. On Thanksgiving Day, he was in Yakima, and on Sunday in Vancouver, British Columbia, holding services. Since the sickness of Rev. Frice, the Spokane minister, and the departure of Rev. Engel of Oakland, Cal., our minister has been very busy.

Thanksgiving evening in Seattle there were over 40 friends playing whist, five hundred, bridge, and some amusing games at the open house in Lutheran hall. And last night another crowd enjoyed a game of cards and refreshments, managed by Mrs. Claire Reeves. The guests of the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Ward of Portland. They were on a visit with Mrs. Ward's parents in Kirkland, across Lake Washington. From them we learned that Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Johnson have a baby girl arrived recently. Edwin used to live in Seattle. Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Rogers are being congratulated on the arrival of twins at their Ellensburg home, on November 14th. The twins are a boy and a girl weighing 5 pounds and 5 ounces and 5 pounds and 2 ounces. We presume the boy is the heavyweight. The Rogers have another bright little boy about two years old.

At the last week Thursday social Morris Pederson and Mrs. Claude Ziegler were the winners at whist. This week Morris will be the manager of the weekly social.

Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Garrison had the Fredericks of Everett for their Thanksgiving turkey dinner guests.

Aunt Pauline Gustin, after two months with Mrs. Chas. Brazelton in Arlington, is back in Seattle. She spent Thanksgiving Day with her son Edward and his wife.

John Brinkman is back from his apple-packing work in Wenatchee. He came over with J. C. Howard, who decided to try out Seattle instead of returning to Spokane. The two are staying at the Brinkman's place north of Bothell.

Mrs. Emily Eaton had a delightful Thanksgiving vacation in Tacoma, visiting her sister Belle. She is almost blind, but she went on the boat alone, meeting her sister at the dock. She is thankful to Rev. G. W. Gaertner for showing her how to read the blind raised letters. She has read hundreds of books since last July.

Mrs. Hussey Cookson and baby visited in Bellingham over Thanksgiving.

Claude Ziegler spent an enforced two-week vacation in Seattle with his family. The Weyerhaeuser mill at Snoqualmie Falls shut down during that period for some repairing.

Ed. Spider has just received a legacy from an uncle in Sweden on his mother's side. There were numerous relatives, so the sum was a modest one.

Mrs. Sallie Clark is home from Providence Hospital, where she was for a week with a bad case of Asthma and bronchitis. While there she was presented with a beautiful bouquet of chrysanthemums from the garment concern where she worked. She will resume her job after the holidays.

Lawrence Belser writes to Rev. G. W. Gaertner frequently. The last time he reported that he was improving, much to our pleasure.

Mrs. N. C. Garrison made two trips to Port Angeles the past month. The first one to attend the funeral of her seventy-one year old father, who died of a stroke caused by his paralytic condition. The second trip was on business concerning her father's estate. He has considerable property.

The newly weds, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rolph, visited for a couple weeks with the groom's parents, at their home on one of the San Juan islands.

Mr. Richardson, who secured work at a tailoring shop, has left Seattle. None seemed to know where he has gone.

Mabel, twelve year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. True Partridge, is the treasurer of the Fire Girls' Camp. Here is another smart girl of deaf parents.

Big preparations are in order for the annual New York party, December 31st, under the auspices of the N. F. S. D., at American Legion hall on 10th Avenue and East 50 Street. Admission will be only 50 cents. Committee in charge comprises Chairman J. T. Bodley W. S. Root, Le Roy Bradbury, Frank Morrissey, and L. O. Christenson. Come everybody.

PUGET SOUND.

Dec. 1st, 1929.

You probably think you have made your last worthless investment, but you have not.

## NEW YORK

### THE BROWNSVILLE SILENT CLUB

Over across the Brooklyn Bridge from Manhattan, there is a section in the "City of Churches"—Brooklyn, known as the Brownsville section. A great many of our silents live there, among them youths whose love clings to sport, and it was natural for several of them to club together and form an organization, and also natural for them to give the name of the organization the same as the place they resided—Brownsville. Hence the Brownsville Silent Club came in existence about half a dozen years ago.

This organization has held annual basketball tournaments. This year they held one last Saturday evening, December 14th, at the gym of the Heckscher Foundation Building, 1 East 104th Street, Manhattan.

Over three hundred and fifty turned out to enjoy two well-played basketball games.

The gymnasium of the Heckscher Foundation is an admirable one, having a balcony on four sides, thus giving clear view of every play.

There was an orchestra, which furnished dance music, and before, between and after games the floor was crowded with merry dancers.

The first game was between the Silent Separates, Jr., and Silent Scarlets (formerly of St. Joseph's Institute for the Deaf.) It was exciting as both teams were evenly matched. The score at the end was: Silent Separates, Jr., 26; Silent Scarlets, 20.

The Silent Separates, Jr., consisted of the following: Goldstein, Davigan, Rosen, Cohen, Liebman, Brenner and Rosenthal.

Silent Scarlets—Balaken, Calandora, Ward, Dunn, Clark, Sinoki, Polenzo, Coleman, Duggan, Walsh.

The referee was Herbert Koritzer, of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League. Scorer, Mario Genovese. Timekeeper, Alfred Sullivan.

The second game was by far the best and most exciting of the two.

It was between the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Jr., and the Margraf Club, and was won by the former by 24 to 21.

U. L. JR	G	F	T	MARGRAF	G	F	T
Nadler, rf	1	0	2	Port, rf	3	1	7
Sussman, lf	1	0	2	Giordano, lf	3	3	9
Jaffe, c	0	0	1	Carroll, c	1	1	3
Herlands, rg	3	3	9	Kostyk, lg	0	2	2
Sha'f'n'k, lg	3	1	7	R'sweet, rg	0	0	0
Weiner, rf	1	1	3				
Kruger, lf	0	0	0				
Koretzer, lf	0	0	0				
	7	7	24		7	6	21

Referee—Max Yobiansky, of Fordham University. Scorers—Louis Farber and S. Winegard. Timers—David Retzker and Arthur Taber.

### N. Y. BRANCH OF THE N. A. D.

The New York Branch of the National Association of the Deaf held a meeting on Gallaudet Day, Tuesday, December 10th, 1929, in the Union League Hall. Mr. John N. Funk presided.

The Executive Committee, which met previous to the meeting, recommended that \$100 be donated to the De l'Epee Memorial Fund, \$100 given to the Local Committee of the Buffalo Convention; \$100 sent to the Treasurer of the Endowment Fund of the Association, all of which were approved.

After the meeting, addresses on the life and work of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet were made by Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson, Dr. Thomas F. Fox, Mr. M. L. Kenner, Rev. G. C. Braddock and Rev. J. M. Koehler.

Please don't forget the Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes will have a Christmas Festival Saturday evening, at 80 Greene Avenue, December 28th, at 8 P.M. Gates Avenue car stops at 80 Greene Avenue, corner Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Come and bring your friends.

Mr. Oliver B. Kipp, the beloved father of Mrs. Minnie Kipp Clarke, died in December 9th, aged seventy-seven years. He was a well-known retired teacher around Albany, N. Y. He lived at Burnt Hills, a suburb of that city. The sympathy of her friends goes to Mrs. Clarke, who is at present confined at the Presbyterian Hospital on 168th Street, and was unable to attend the funeral.

F. J. La Brie, of New Bedford, Mass., was in on Sunday, December 15th, and visited the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League. He is at present stopping in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., but in the spring expects to return to his home town.

St. Ann's Church had its annual "Fair" on Friday and Saturday evenings, December 13th and 14th. The first day was quite stormy, and the attendance was light. On Saturday night there was an overwhelmingly large attendance, so that the proceeds will be between four and five hundred dollars. Mrs. Wanda Burke was at the head of the affair, but the others in charge of the booths, dinner, etc., will no doubt be mentioned later.

Rev. J. Stanley Light, in charge of Episcopal mission work in the New England States, was in New York on Friday and attended the Fair at St. Ann's Church.

### XAVIER NOTES

Affairs among Xavier Ephphetans are going along as usual. First Sunday religious instruction meetings draw attendance that just about tax the capacity of the assembly rooms. Rev. Director, Father Purtell, S. J., has in mind there are a thousand and one Catholic deaf within the limits of the X. E. S. boundaries, computed in the long ago as approximately twenty five miles around St. Francis Xavier's Church, on West 16th Street, Manhattan.

The recent Church bazaar was a pleasing success. A table was reserved for the X. E. S. Miss Mary Austria and a score of ladies attended to business in a way that called for praise from Father Duffy, S. J., in charge as general manager.

Mrs. John O'Donnell walked away with a snappy wrist watch for telling the right time of a like article that was hidden through the sessions of the bazaar. After it was uncovered, Jimmy Lonergan and John O'Donnell assumed the roles of barkers with very good results. Mrs. Mary Lloyd, Mrs. J. B. O'Brien, Mrs. Farrelly, Mrs. Julius Kieckers and Miss Emily Hopping, were among others who attended strictly to business.

On the other hand, the Thanksgiving festival and the Memorial Service for De l'Epee were but slimly attended. Lack of advertising may have been the fault. However, the recent donation of the X. E. S. of \$100 to the Statue Fund received commendation of Samuel Frankenheim, Fund chairman.

Father Purtell has announced a Christmas Tree Festival for January 5th. He hopes the turnout will be a record breaker.

The business meeting of X. E. S. card or due-paying member was held on Tuesday evening, December 3d.

Absence of President Fives was noticeable. His resignation as chief executive was received a month ago.

Holding office for the past seven years, Mr. Fives has done yeoman service, and his decision to quit is felt very much by all Ephphetans.

His last and almost single-handed conduct of the Ephpheta Society's Armory Meet, was the stellar project of his official record. That he will continue his connection with the society goes without saying. But his direction of affairs will be missed.

## GALLAUDET COLLEGE

With the approach of the dread examination period, the students of Gallaudet have retreated into their dens, where they have been spending most of their time in hasty reviews. Cramping is once again in evidence, and many are the doubts and fears stirring the hearts of each individual. As a result of this sudden digging into books and note-books, there has been little excitement on the campus. However, we have great hopes of making up for our present slump during the Christmas vacation. This long-looked-for holiday begins on Saturday, December 21st, and lasts without a break until Monday, December 30th. These nine days of freedom are a Christmas present to the students from the Faculty. A long program of interesting socials activities has been planned to keep us happy during this period. On the evening of Friday, December 13th, a literary meeting of the O. W. L. S. was held in the Girls' Reading Room at seven-thirty. The following program was rendered:

Talk—"The Other Wise Man"	Mary Ross, '32
Dialogue—"Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus"	A. Watson, '32, and Rae Martino, '32
Picture Contest—"Mr. Pickwick"	Marion Bolton, '31
"The Blind Girl"	Ruth Fish, '31
"The Pancake Maker"	Catherine Bronson, '32
Declaration—"A Visit From Saint Nicholas"	Marie Coretti, '32
Critic	Dorothy Denlinger, '30

We cannot shower enough praise upon the young ladies who helped to make up this program. From the beginning to end it was full of the spirit of Christmas. We had not yet begun to think of Christmas as really being near, but, as the critic remarked, this program made us feel like children again, and we began to wonder what Santa will bring us.

Saturday Evening, December 14th, the basketball season opened with a bang. There were twenty-four young ladies at the game, and more than that number of young men. The evening opened with a contest between our second team and the team of the Knights' Store. The score was 25 to 16 in favor of the Knights. Following this game of "hop-scotch," came the regular game with Benjamin Franklin University. After the first five minutes of play, Gallaudet was always ahead, though the foe put up a stiff fight throughout the first half, which ended with Gallaudet leading, 22 to 18. At the of the final half, the Gallaudetians increased their margin, but midway of the half, Ben Franklin's boys rallied, but could never get closer than six points of Gallaudet's score. The game ended in a score of 31 to 22, in favor of Gallaudet.

GENEVA FLORENCE



## IN DIXIELAND

### NEWS AND COMMENT

Once again comes Christmas time  
The gladdest time of year,  
So once again, I'm wishing you  
The best of Christmas cheer.

Likewise a glad, healthy and prosperous New Year. Mrs. Ida C. Smith, of Richmond, Virginia, who has been spending several months with her daughter, Mrs. McK. Taylor, will return to Richmond during Christmas week, much to the regret of her numerous Atlanta friends. She had intended remaining longer, but as her son-in-law, Mr. Taylor, is going to spend Christmas with his mother in Washington, D. C., Mrs. Smith is taking the opportunity of going back in the car with them. She will return to Atlanta again later on.

Mrs. W. T. Jackson, mother of Mrs. L. B. Dickerson, is spending the winter in her old home at Leesburg, Ga. Mrs. Dickerson does not expect her back until early Spring.

The party given on Thanksgiving evening under the auspices of the Nadfar Woman's Club was a big success, despite the inclement weather, which kept many at home. In the various contests the winners were: Mrs. Ida C. Smith, handsome sofa pillow for the funniest story. Hewitt Morgan, basket of fruit and nuts for the best guesser. Mrs. Wilson and Herbert Williams won the two booby prizes. Eddie Morgan won a bowl of gold fish for naming the largest number of fish. Refreshments served, came the drawing for the big, live turkey. Little Eva Hodges drew the number from a hat and the turkey went to Marcus Morgan.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Dec. 2.—After plunging into a deep bayou filled with sleet, cold water as she struggled with a deaf mute, who she charged, attacked her at 1:30 a.m., Monday, an eighteen-year-old Memphis telephone operator rescued the main at peril of her own life.

The telephone operator said she noticed Gossnell following her. She quickened her pace and Gossnell followed rapidly, she said. As she neared a bayou she stumbled in the dark and charged the deaf-mute grabber her.

She struggled and both rolled into the deep, cold water. She said she swam to shore. She looked back, saw the man sinking, plunged back in and dragged him ashore and fled.

Frank Gossnell, twenty-two, her alleged assailant, was held by police after the girl identified him.—Atlanta Journal.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. C. Hodges have moved into the city from Doraville, Georgia. They are now living in the house that came to them upon the death of Mr. Hodges' mother a few months ago. Mr. Hodges is employed at the Chevrolet plant.

Those of the frats who attended the convention in Atlanta in 1921, will remember the Piedmont Hotel where the convention assembled. This hotel has recently been remodeled at the cost of over a million dollars, and is now one of the finest hotels in the city. The large rooms have been made smaller and refurnished, and on the whole the hotel is now second to none in Atlanta. The entire first floor has been turned into stores and offices. The hotel office and parlors are on the second floor. The deaf who visited Atlanta in 1921 will scarcely recognize the old place. In years gone by, it was a popular hotel for the deaf, but later on, they switched their allegiance to the Hotel Ansley, which has held it ever since.

The first deaf basketball game of the season will be played on the evening of December 11th, between the recently organized class of deaf boys and the Alpha Class of the Tabernacle Baptist Church. The Atlanta Club is made up of some of our huskiest young deaf boys and all the deaf colony here are rooting for them. Maybe if they show evidence of making good, we will "chip in" and send them to participate in the tournament at Little Rock next year between the various Southern teams of deaf boys.

The Atlanta D. A. D. Chapter has offered its help to the Mayor to rid Atlanta of beggars. The city has just completed raising a fund of four hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars for the "Community Chest," to which the larger portion of the deaf citizens here contributed their bit, and they feel that the deaf peddlers and beggars here should go, as they are a constant reflection upon the better class of deaf.

The last event of the old year will be the Community Christmas Tree, at the Baptist Tabernacle on December 20th. This will be given under auspices of the Michaels B. Y. P. U. Mrs. J. G. Bishop and an efficient corps of assistants have the affair in charge and are busily at work getting everything in readiness. Every deaf person in Atlanta has been given a name of some one that they are expected to bring a small present and hang it on the tree. No one knows these names except those who drew them and they are simply to be addressed to the party whose name they received and hung on the tree.

Beside this, the kiddies will be well cared for. Big stockings filled with toys, fruits, candies and nuts will be on the tree for every child of deaf parents in the city and surrounding towns. This is an annual event here and always draws a large crowd from the city and surrounding towns. Visitors are also welcome.

C. L. J.

## Akron, Ohio

The benefit social, under the auspices of the Akron Advance Society of the Deaf, was held Saturday evening, November 23d, at Goodyear Hall. About 150 members and friends were in attendance.

Games and contests were features of entertainment. Door winners were Mrs. K. B. Ayers, Mrs. Luther Rhodes, Mrs. John Schafer and William Pfunder.

The winners at "500" were Mrs. Forrest Peard, Forrest Peard, Mrs. J. O. Hamersly and W. I. Roller. Park Myers carried off a fowl.

During the evening's affair, refreshments, chocolate bars, chewing gum, popcorn, etc., were disposed of. The committee in charge of arrangements included Leo D. Frater, chairman, T. W. Osborne, Louis Seinensohn and Willard McConnell.

Among those who enjoyed meeting their old friends were Mrs. W. F. Durian, of Hartford, Ct.; Mrs. Emiline Craft, of Salem; Mr. and Mrs. C. Slater, of Oberlin, and C. E. Blackburn of Youngstown.

Rev. F. C. Smielau recently abandoned the Michigan and Indiana missions, and devotes his time to the deaf of Ohio, with headquarters in Columbus. He will continue to hold monthly religious services at St. Paul's Episcopal Church as heretofore. Rev. Mr. Smielau conducted services at the church Sunday evening.

Mrs. J. R. Ewing returned to her home in Lexington, Ky., last week, after a three weeks' visit with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. R. Ewing.

Mr. and Mrs. Houston Myers announce the birth of a fine daughter, born at their home, Saturday, November 23d. Mother and babe are in the City Hospital, doing well.

P. A. Heupel and C. R. Ewing were among those who went hunting, on the opening day of the game season, near Hayesville. They bagged and brought home two rabbits and four pheasants. I learn on good authority that after a day's hunt, the motorists found driving difficult and "cranked" the way homeward. They discovered the storage battery in the car had run out. They were almost frozen and it was getting colder. But there was bad luck and a long journey of fifty miles in store for them before they could once more put another battery in the car against defects.

About eighty-five members of the Akron Advance Society of the Deaf were present at the November meeting, held Friday evening at Goodyear Hall. Among the out-of-town guests of the evening were Edward Hetzel, Nate Tenck, of Toledo; A. M. Price, W. J. Toomey, of Canton; and Walter Krohngold, of Pontiac, Mich. The members received the report of J. O. Jamersly, welfare committee, for October. A discussion was had on needs the society contributed to several members. A discussion was given on the raising of the water fund for the Ohio Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf. A. M. Price, of Canton, said the Ohio home is having a new well drilled near the building at present to supply the residents with water. The Home is in need of good water. He then encouraged the deaf of Akron, Canton and Cleveland, to give some good playlet in Akron, for the benefit of the water fund.

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National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 143 West 125th Street, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Abraham Barr, 1018 East 163d Street, New York City.

## Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

The value of Life Insurance is the best proposition in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape. Meets at Ebling's Casino, East 156 Street and St. Ann's Avenue, Bronx, New York City, every first Monday of the month. If interested, write for information to division secretary, James P. McGovern, 1535 Taylor Ave., Bronx.

## Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.,

143 West 125th St., New York City.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 p.m. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Samuel Frankenstein, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

## Evangelical Association of the Deaf

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Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Minister.  
Mr. Daniel E. Moran, Assistant  
Every Sunday  
Bible Class 2 p.m. Worship and Sermon 3 p.m. Methodist Church, Hope and Eighth Streets. Room 15.  
Address all communications to the E. A. D., 3055 S. Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles. A hearty welcome to all the deaf.

## Harlem Silent Club of Colored Deaf

Apt. 44—2605 Eighth Ave., New York City  
The object of the club is to promote the social and intellectual advancement of the colored deaf.  
Club room open the year round. Regular meetings on the first Thursday of each month at 8 p.m. Visitors are welcome to the Harlem Silent Club.  
Clarence Basden, President; Howell Young, Secretary, 140 West 133d St., N. Y. City.

## Detroit Association of the Deaf

Third floor, 8 East Jefferson St., near Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
Club room open every day. Regular meeting on second Sunday of each month. Visitors always welcome.

## St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street, New York City  
REV. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Curate  
Services every Sunday at 3 p.m. Holy Communion, First Sunday of each month, at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.  
Office Hours—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoons, 2 to 4:30, except Saturdays. Evenings, 8 to 10, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday only.

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Arthur Fowler, President; Harry E. Stevens, Treasurer, P. O. Box 81, Merchantville, N. J.; Howard E. Arnold, Secretary, 63 East Montana Street, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.

## Hebrew Association of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets Third Sunday of the month. Information can be had from Dr. A. Felix Nash, Executive Director, Room 916, 1133 Broadway, New York City; or Mrs. A. A. Cohn, Secretary, 699 East 137th Street, Bronx.  
Religious Services held every Friday evening, eighty-third, at Temple Emanu-El, 1 East 65th Street, New York.

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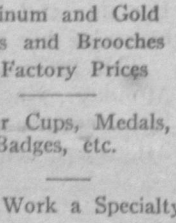
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